



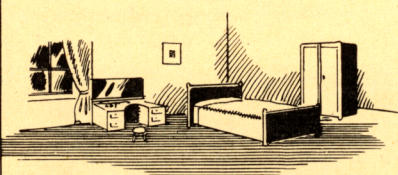
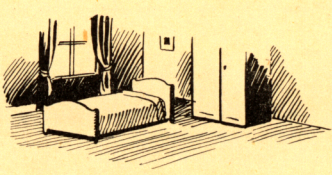


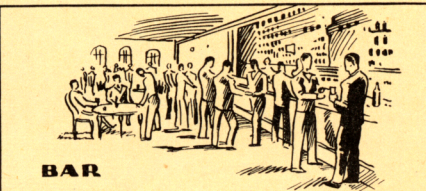
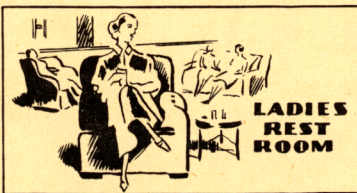
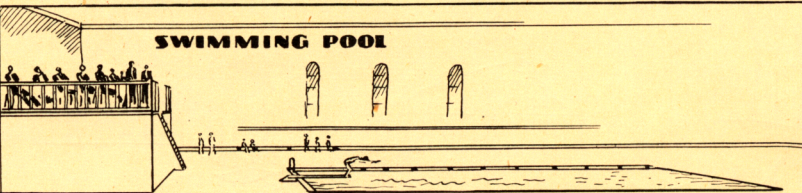
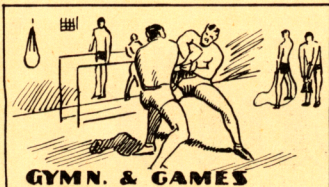


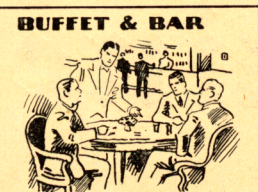
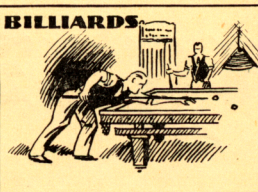
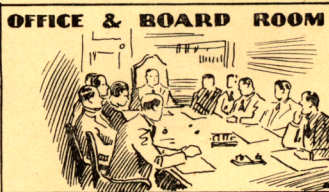

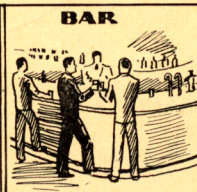
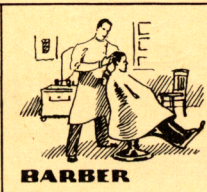


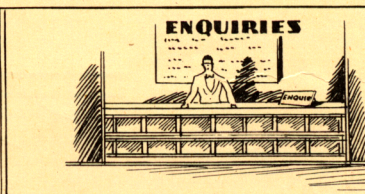
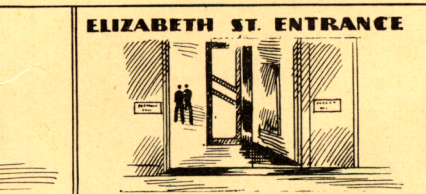

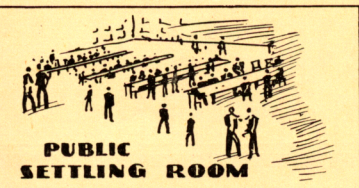
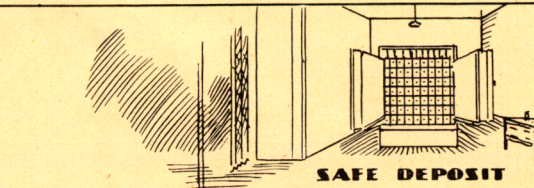
# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 15. No. 5. July, 1942.





|  |   |  |   |                          |
|--|---|--|---|--------------------------|
|  <b>BEDROOMS</b>  |   |  | <b>FLOOR</b><br><b>5</b>  |                          |
|  <b>DINING ROOM</b>   |  <b>LOUNGE</b>                 |  <b>BAR</b>                      | <b>FLOOR</b><br><b>4</b>  |                          |
|  <b>LADIES REST ROOM</b>  |  <b>SWIMMING POOL</b>         |  | <b>FLOOR</b><br><b>3</b><br>me 33.  |                          |
|  <b>GYMN. &amp; GAMES</b>  |  <b>TREATMENT</b>             |  |   | <b>FLOOR</b><br><b>3</b> |
|  <b>CARD ROOMS</b>  |  <b>BUFFET &amp; BAR</b>     |  <b>BILLIARDS</b>               |  <b>OFFICE &amp; BOARD ROOM</b>                                 | <b>FLOOR</b><br><b>2</b> |
|  <b>CLUB ROOM</b>   |  <b>BAR</b>                  |  <b>BARBER</b>                  |  <b>GROCERIES</b><br>TELEPHONES<br>SUGAR<br>RICE<br>TEA<br>SALT | <b>FLOOR</b><br><b>1</b> |
|  <b>CASTLEREAGH ST. ENTRANCE</b>  |  <b>ENQUIRIES</b>            |  <b>ELIZABETH ST. ENTRANCE</b> |   | <b>GROUND FLOOR</b>      |
|  <b>STORE ROOMS</b>   |  <b>PUBLIC SETTLING ROOM</b> |  <b>SAFE DEPOSIT</b>           |   | <b>BASE-MENT</b>         |



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney*

Vol. 15. No. 5



July, 1942

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•  
Treasurer:  
S. E. CHATTERTON

•  
Committee:  
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JOHN A. ROLES  
F. G. UNDERWOOD

•  
Secretary:  
T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

The Club's long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 12th September, 1942.



# The Club Man's Diary

**JULY BIRTHDAYS:** 6th, Mr. J. B. Moran; 8th, Mr. C. F. Horley; 14th, Mr. R. H. Williamson; 15th, Mr. W. M. Gollan; 17th, Mr. L. Mitchell; 19th, Mr. A. H. Stocks; 21st, Mr. G. F. Wilson; 28th, Mr. L. Maidment.

\* \* \*

Taxation claimed £543 of £3,802 raised by Tattersall's Club at its meeting at Randwick on May 23 in aid of the Prisoners' of War Fund. This was stated by the Chairman of Tattersall's Club (Mr. W. W. Hill) when he handed a cheque for £3,259 to Mr. A. L. Blythe, vice-chairman of the N.S.W. branch of the Red Cross.

Mr. Hill said that first call on the £3,802 raised was for £380 by the Federal Government (undistributed) profits tax, 2/- in the £). A second Federal charge was for 6/- in the £, but this was offset by a rebate under a donation clause. Nevertheless, £163 had to be paid on this score. He added that the taxation authorities had been asked to make the £543 available to the Red Cross.

Mr. Blythe said the 6,000 Australians in German and Italian prison camps cost the Society about £300,000 a year. From known figures, about 17,000 men were in the hands of the Japanese. When parcels could be sent to them, the additional annual cost would be £1,000,000.

Donations to the Red Cross for prisoners of war would be welcomed at all times. They may be paid to the Secretary of Tattersall's Club and he will pass them on and have the donors duly credited.

\* \* \*

Sergeant S. O. Beilby, Jr., owner of Jazbeau, made his best winning bet when he married on June 25. Life pays no richer dividends than the partnership of the girl of one's heart.

\* \* \*

John Roles has supplied me with the following prophetic inscription

from an Essex tombstone 500 years old:—

*When pictures look alive with movements free;*

*When ships like fishes swim below the sea;*

*When men, outstripping birds, can scan the sky;*

*Then half the world deep-drenched in blood will die.*

\* \* \*

You will read in Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" a vision of "the nation's aerial navies." If you cannot mentally digest a volume of Tennyson I commend to you that fine poem in particular. And if you can quote me imagery more superlative than that distinguishing the much-murdered "Maud," I would like to be put on your list. Read Tennyson, the poet, before he became inhibited as Poet Laureate.

**Make a note of it now: Carnival Night in the club on July 30. You will do a good turn for yourself and your friends—whom we ask you to bring along—as well as confer a benefit on organisations committed to the service of "war effort" and all that "war effort" connotes on the human side.**

**The object of Carnival Night is to raise funds for: the Anzac Buffet, Women's All Services Canteen, C.U.S.A. Hut, St. Andrew's Hut, and the American Center.**

**Tattersall's Club is keeping alive its record of war service, as a club with a tradition, through the co-operation of its members. Regard the date, July 30, as a call to duty.**

Time is receding. Two World Wars have intervened since the afternoon when Sydney rolled up to see the match race between Olympic swimmers—Frank Beaurepaire, representing Victoria, and Cecil Healy, the elect of N.S.W. The turf itself has never shown a greater upset. The unknown outsider cleared out from the field at the start. "They'll bring

him back next lap," the wise ones said. But, while Beaurepaire and Healy strained every nerve, the outsider continued to swim as freshly as if he had just started.

People forgot the man in front and concentrated on the other two. It was a match race in earnest, worthy of any staged between great rivals. Healy won narrowly in a thrashing finish. The outsider?—Billy Longworth—destined to become greatest of our swimmers of his time and among the greatest of all time in this country—had beaten the champions!

All that is revived by the fact that the Frank Beaurepaire of that afternoon is now Sir Frank Beaurepaire, Lord Mayor of Melbourne. We congratulate him on the honour so well merited.

\* \* \*

Years later, when I discussed the famous swimming match with Frank Beaurepaire, he said: "I was watching Cecil Healy, and Cecil was watching me, and we were both watching Billy Longworth. Nobody was more amazed than we were when we went out after him and he kept out ahead of us. The effort stamped Billy as the champion he proved himself to be by that and succeeding performances. But I don't suppose swimming ever provided such a surprise—not even when Barney Keiran beat Dick Cavill."

\* \* \*

In the early years of the new century there was a coloured comedian, Blutch Jones, on the programmes of the Tivoli. His song hit was "The Gambling Man." It went something like this:

*One day it's milk an' honey,  
Next day y'aint got no money;  
When you die, there's few who'll sigh  
For th' gambling man.*

Well, when Jim Hackett died, there were many who sighed. He was a gambling man only in the sense that he laid the odds. Otherwise, there was much more to Jim. The long prices he quoted, the risks he took



cheerfully, were not the marks of a gambler, as the term is freely accepted. For he was more than a gambler. Resoluteness, not recklessness, a well-ordered mental approach to business, even a planning that was in essence scientific, distinguished James Hackett. Those characteristics would have made a fortune for him in any other avenue of business for which destiny had marked him.

Insight, courage, confidence in his own judgment, cool calculation—those attributes lifted him from scratch and obscurity to favour and fortune. His fair dealing, the trust he inspired among his fellow men, and an underlying humanity passed his name into a proverb in, and beyond, the sporting realm. So, in his passing, men in all walks of life, experienced a feeling of personal loss.

Like most men in his calling, Jim had real charity of heart. His gifts to good causes were legion—not all advertised. While he lived, genuine want never went unsatisfied.

\* \* \*

The story of Jim Hackett's life and career reads like a romance. Fifty-six years ago, he laboured as a young man in No. 1 shearing shed of Thurlagoona station, outside Cunnamulla, with just the clothes he stood in, his shears and a pair of ponies which carried him from shed to shed. An old record in Tattersall's Club Magazine—from which I quote—tells how he collected his cheque and, with swag on his packhorse, set off for a village locally called Turon for the race meeting organised by the local publican.

The pub reached, he stabled his horses, and saw a game of two-up in progress in the yard. He joined the school, and sad to relate, it was not long before the school had his cheque and his horses. They left him with his swag. With this on his back, he set off for a place called The Cato, five miles out of Brewarrina, and took up a fencing contract. Sweating over the post-holes gave the youth a chance to think deeply over the evils of gambling. But that was the only time young Jim Hackett was ever broke to the wide.

Fate directed his footsteps into Brewarrina for a Saturday afternoon game of billiards at the hotel of one

Lof Morris, who noted that the young man played a good stick. Morris persuaded him to take charge of the billiard room. It was there that Jim opened his first double book. He laid £5 to 2/- in those days. So he progressed from those small beginnings to be the leader of the ring.

His partnership with Alec Williams thrived. Stories of the great books they made, of fortunes lost, of fortunes won, and of coups narrowly missed, all are part of Aus-



*Mr. A. L. Blythe, representing the Red Cross Society, receiving a cheque for £3,259 from Mr. W. W. Hill, Chairman of Tattersall's Club, being net proceeds of the Club's Race Meeting at Randwick on May 23rd, in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund.*

tralia's sporting history. They were retold in the newspapers on his passing. The old generation remembered. The new generation read with wonder. Yet, at the end, best remembered was Jim Hackett the sportsman.

"Young Jim" Hackett followed in his father's footsteps. To-day he is at the head of his calling. He has a name to live up to, an example to follow—and "Young Jim" is a true son of his father.

Jim Hackett had become a member of Tattersall's Club on 11th December, 1899.

\* \* \*

The sporting fame of Mr. F. A. Moses rested on more than his ownership of Poitrel, one of the greatest stayers in the history of Australian turf. Mr. Moses ranked among the best-known owners and breeders for many years. With his brother, the late Mr. William Moses, he bred at

Arrowfield stud Manfred and Heroic besides Poitrel.

These brothers were racing horses as far back as the early nineties, but their colours were then carried by amateurs at the country picnic meetings. Then came the decision to launch out in the raising of thoroughbreds for the yearling market. In 1896, the Combadello Stud, near Moree, came into existence.

It is a strange fact that, although the late Mr. Henry Moses, father of Messrs. W. and F. A. Moses, was not a racing or a breeding man, he knew horses. The love of, and the admiration for, the thoroughbred were born in him. It was he who, on a holiday tour of the world, bought St. Alwyne and Flavus for his sons' stud. Once established at Combadello, they proved immediate successes.

St. Alwyne sired Poitrel (Melbourne Cup), Moorilla (Sydney Cup), St. Car-

wyne (Metropolitan), Lady Medalist (Caulfield Cup), Night Watch (Melbourne Cup), and many other good performers.

The family flair for choosing good breeding stock resulted in the selection of many fine mares. Two early purchases for Combadello were Jacinth and Emmie. Jacinth entered the ring at Randwick sale with foal at foot by Positano. She was purchased cheaply by the Moses brothers, and the foal was reared at Combadello. He proved to be none other than the mighty Poseidon, winner of the Derbies, two Caulfield Cups and the Melbourne Cup.

The next Jacinth foal, after Poseidon, brought the record yearling price of the day, 3,050 guineas, and raced as Orcus, but he proved of little account.

Emmie was the dam of Emir, notable weight-for-age performer from 1904 on. Emmie proved a gold-

(Continued on Page 4.)



# The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

mine as a producer of high-priced yearlings.

In 1910, the Moses brothers decided to transfer to the Hunter River Valley, and Arrowfield was purchased.

The late Mr. Moses became a member of Tattersall's Club on February 26, 1900, and died on June 12, 1942.

\* \* \*

A win by Cadger at Randwick in recent times called up a little history. At Melbourne Hunt Club's meeting on October 10, 1868, Adam Lindsay Gordon piloted the winners of three steeplechase racers—Babbler (13.4) in the Hunt Club Cup; his own horse, Viking, in the Metropolitan Steeplechase; and on another of his, Cadger, he won the Selling Steeplechase.

\* \* \*

An aircraft accident abroad, on June 5, ended the life of Sergeant Pilot Anthony (Tony) Paul. This gallant young Australian had an assured future in civil life. He determined to strive for the greater, impersonal future of Australia, his country. So we will remember him. Golfers knew Tony Paul as an enthusiast and as a fellow player who made the round worth playing. As a student at St. Joseph's College, he had scored many athletic triumphs.

Our sympathy is extended sincerely to his bereaved parents—Mr. Fred Paul, his father, is a club member. If we may share, in some measure, their pride in the memory of a heroic son of Australia, then we shall indeed feel indebted. He has joined the Company of the Immortals.

\* \* \*

John Underhill, who died last month after a brave fight against the handicap of illness, had been an outstanding personality of racing for more than 30 years. He was an organiser in a thousand, and was the force behind the Associated Racing Clubs. John Underhill made a most onerous job look easy by his remarkable gifts of administration and his personal charm.

A member has forwarded these inspiring lines, "How Did You Die?" by E. Vance Cooke:

*Did you tackle the trouble that came  
your way*

*With a resolute heart and cheerful?  
Or hide your face from the light of  
day*

*With a craven soul and fearful?*

*Oh! a trouble's a ton or a trouble's  
an ounce,*

*Or a trouble is what you make it,  
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt  
that counts,*

*But only—how did you take it?*

*You are beaten to earth? Well, well,  
what's that?*

*Come up with a smiling face.  
It's nothing against you to fall down  
flat,*

*But lie there—that's disgrace.*

*The harder you're thrown, why, the  
higher you bounce,*

*Be proud of your blackened eye!*

*It isn't the fact that you're licked  
that counts;*

*It's—How did you fight—and why?*

*And though you be done to the  
death, what then?*

*If you battled the best you could,*

*If you played your part in the world  
of men,*

*Why, the Critic will call it good.*

*Death comes with a crawl or comes  
with a pounce,*

*And whether he's slow or spry,*

*It isn't the fact that you're dead  
that counts,*

*But only—How did you die?*

Handed to me in the club was a label suitable for fitting into the rim of your hat, and bearing this admonition to the other person about to take the hat (by mistake):

*"Like hell its belongs to you! Drop it! This hat belongs to (name written in here)."*

\* \* \*

The only occasion on which I took the wrong hat (by mistake) led to an extraordinary pantomimic display in Castlereagh Street. Following a rather violent sitting of Parliament which had spilt over from one whole night into half of the next forenoon, friend and foe invited newspapermen to repair to the soda fountain within Parliament House. Time went pleasantly. Suddenly realising that time had got ahead of me, I grabbed what I believed to be my battered tile, and dashed off to the office to tell off properly in a special article my drinking friends in their political roles.

As I strode into the building with my pockets full of notes and my head full of plots, a sub-editor observed: "That's not your hat you are wearing; but it is a much better hat than you wear usually—so don't worry."

I didn't worry and, by the time I had turned in my article, I had forgotten all about the sub-editor's quip. Turning into Castlereagh Street, I was attracted by a member of the State Parliament, on a tram, waving his arms like a windmill, betimes pointing to the hat he was wearing. As I had left him drinking, I drew my own conclusions, and ignored the fellow. First tram stop he jumped off and raced in my direction.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "Have I libelled you?"

"Worse," he panted, "you've taken my Sunday hat and left me with this drab-looking thing."

Snatching his hat from my head he rammed mine down below my ears, and made off.

I recall also an occasion in the past when the hat of a Knight of Sydney was missing, and a not-so-presentable one left unclaimed, when guests begin to take their leave after a quiet little party at Government House.

Next day the missing hat turned up mysteriously at a well-known club.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

**Many of our old employees  
are being called into the  
services and war industries.  
It is necessary to train  
others to take their places.  
Please be considerate during  
this period.**



Jim McLeod, who died on June 6, was the senior member of the third generation of a family of master builders. His grandfather, the late John McLeod, was the builder of Sydney Town Hall, among other big constructions, and his father, the late Mr. Frank McLeod—a strikingly handsome man—built the original Challis House and the Commercial Travellers' Club, among many others. Jim inherited the skill and the outstanding personality of his grandfather and his father, and added considerably to their constructional record. He had been a member of Tattersall's Club since December 17, 1928.

A brother, Major H. R. McLeod, is a member of this club.

\* \* \*

Since raffles are the vogue in war time could not one be organised for bachelors only? The holder of the winning ticket would be required to marry within six months from the date of his success the girl of his heart, or otherwise. That would allow of his having three full months to look round for the girl. Were he in earnest he could do it easily in three months. Another month of the six could be by him applied to making good his suit and becoming one of the family, so to speak.

\* \* \*

Bland Holt had lived so long that the published report of his passing in recent weeks in Melbourne, at the age of 79 years, read to many as the resurrection of an ancient record from musty newspaper files. The old King of Melodrama had ob-

literated himself so completely in retirement that the memory of his ever having been had faded from the scene until strangely revived by his unostentatious exit and—to quote Victor Daley — “softly over all is drawn the quiet curtain of the grass.”

In our nonage, Bland Holt was a mature figure, and a genius in his realm. To the stage of his era he brought life and colour and movement as stock-in-trade. He went one better than what Shakespeare reserved for fancy in the Prologue to Henry V.—“think, when we talk of horses, that you see them. . . .” Bland Holt “ascended the brightest heaven of invention,” and placed real horses, real galloping horses, on the stage. These, controlled by mechanical apparatus, invested the scene with thrilling realism.

Always a great lover of horses, the old actor's colours were seen in jumping contests in the show rings of the various States.

He was the ace motion picture director years before his time and, in any tribute in retrospect, it should be worth noting in this gaudy age, when lesser lights are crowding the wings to be shoved by publicity hounds to the stage centre, that the old master did not “lag superfluous.”

We who retain some trace of the tradition of the theatre will hand him in remembrance “the unfading palm.”

\* \* \*

In 1863 an energetic property owner decided to paint his own house. His name was Frederick Walton, and his knowledge of paints generally was considered well above average. Fact remains that on knock-

ing off from his labours he omitted to replace the lid on the tin. Two days later he found a thick, hard skin had formed, and his inventive brain conceived an idea. The “hard skin” was pressed into a backing of burlap. Now we walk on linoleum!

\* \* \*

### LIVERY STABLES

The words “livery stable” have almost gone out of the language—they are no longer heard, nor are they seen, except, occasionally, in faded letters on cobwebby old buildings in mouldering back streets.

In the heyday of the horse and buggy age livery stables flourished almost as filling stations do now, but they were much, much more mellow, not to say pungent, than the Spanish Gothic “Colonial” and chromium front places patronised by to-day's motorists. The owner of a town's leading livery stable was a man of affairs; he might also be something of a sportsman and keep a standard bred trotter or two in training for the track. He almost certainly would own a brown or brindle bulldog, which slept in his office; he might even have a coach dog (nobody called them Dalmatians then) trained to accompany his best turn-out on fancy jobs.

The travelling salesman (drummer) was a steady customer of the livery stable but the young blades of the town also furnished a considerable patronage, especially in the spring. Every stable had its ancient coloured hostler, whose horse-lore was inexhaustible; also, inevitably, a billygoat.

—“The Tribune” (U.S.A.)



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# BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Are Our Billiard Rooms Becoming Americanised? — The Possibilities of Three-Cushion-Cannon Billiards Being Introduced—How the American Tables Differ from the English Standard—Only One English Table in Los Angeles— Why Do Our Members Refer to Russian Pool as "Slosh?"

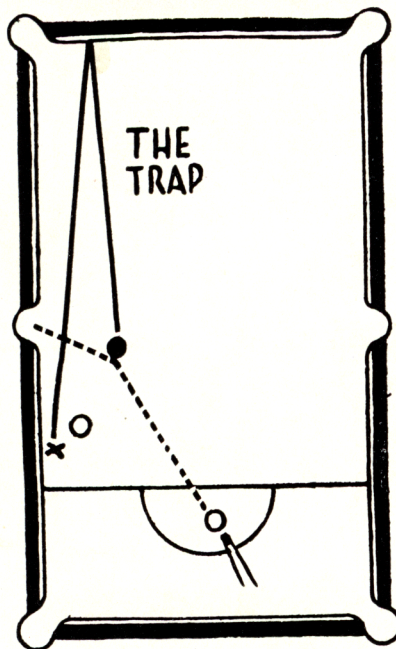
The advent of American troops to these shores might, eventually, have big bearing on our billiards. Our cousins from the U.S.A. do not play the same game as we do, and it will be interesting to watch if any "switch-over" takes place—whether we can educate the visitors to come our way or whether there will be a tendency, so frequently in evidence in Australians, to try something new.

Of course, a great amount of English billiards is played in America, but their big game is of the Carom variety played on a pocketless table.

The standard size American table for match play is 10ft. by 5ft. in public rooms and private homes 9ft. by 4ft. 6in., and, sometimes, 8ft. by 4ft. Pocket tables have four or six pockets, and are used for Fifteen Ball Pool. The American balls are a shade larger than our standard and the cues, from 4ft. 6in. to 5ft. in length, generally range round 21 ounces and sometimes slightly more.

The three-cushion cannon game, as played in America and Europe, has of recent years become popular, but by far the most fancied game is Pool. There are several varieties of Pool, but fifteen-ball Pool is most favoured. It is played with 15 pool balls numbered one to fifteen, and a cue ball. Australians play the game rather more than is imagined, but here we know it by the name of "Kelly" Pool. Just how it got the name has never been explained, but here we play with nearer standard size balls as against the larger variety in use abroad, which require higher cushions and wider pocket-openings. There is hardly a public billiards room in Sydney or the whole metropolitan area that does not possess its "Kelly" set, and indications are that we are leaning the other way at the moment instead of pushing our own game along. Within the last

few months Mr. H. E. Slaymaker, British Consul at Houston, Texas, managed to secure an English billiards table, which is now installed at the British Merchant Navy Club, Los Angeles. Mr. Slaymaker, in reporting the event stated, inter alia:



Last issue, the correct spotting for playing a "short loser" was shown. Its importance is borne out in the above diagram, which shows how disaster too frequently follows the stroke by amateurs. By making the in-off angle wider the trap would have been avoided, because the red would have travelled up and down the centre of the table and come to rest in scorable position. A short "jenny" would bring the third ball into easy play.

"The men who erected the table had never seen one before—further proof that our American cousins have sold their 'goods' faster than those in charge of our game."

*America's Champion.*

We of the British Empire simply cannot hear of any cueist extant having a "ghost of a chance" against our own wizard of the cue, Walter Lindrum, but, in America they say the

same sort of thing about Willie Hoppe, who has, over a long term of years, been the leader of U.S.A. three-cushion billiards. He won his first title at the age of 18, and, a year later, won the world's "balk" championship at Paris by defeating Maurice Vignaux. Hoppe is now 54 years of age, but recently won the three-cushion championship of America for the third successive year by defeating Walter Cochrane, 50-31, in a game which he never, at any stage, looked like losing.

Melbourne Inman toured America with Hoppe about 25 years back, when they gave expositions of English and American billiards. Hoppe found the English pockets too small, and declared the game too difficult. Inman, on the other hand, though our champion at the time, could not make any impression at the American system. Walter Lindrum has played quite a bit, and says the U.S.A. rules of play are very clear and the game itself highly scientific.


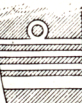
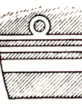
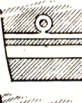
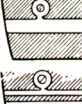
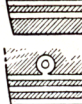


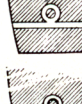



























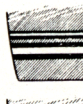



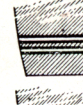









Turning for a moment or two to things purely English, it is interesting to note that Volunteer Snooker, almost a full brother to the established game, is now enjoying a great run of popularity in England. No doubt the spice of variety has much to do with that, but the Control Council steadfastly refuses to stage a championship for it. In this game the scoring is much higher than in ordinary snooker and, as champion Joe Davis says: "It would be an even money bet he could make a 300 or 400 break every time he played." Probably that is why the authorities have not troubled with it, and will probably not give it serious thought until Hitler, Mussolini, Togo and Company have received their quietus.

There is another game which a few members play in our own room.

*(Continued on Page 11.)*



# AUSTRALIAN RELATIVE RANKS AND BADGES

| NAVY   | ARMY   | AIR FORCE   |
|--|--|---|
| <p><i>Gold bands worn on both cuffs of blue uniforms</i></p>  Admiral of the Fleet<br> Admiral<br> Vice Admiral<br> Rear Admiral<br> Commodore<br> Captain<br> Commander<br> Lieutenant Commander<br> Lieutenant<br> Sub-Lieutenant<br> Commissioned Warrant Officer<br><p><i>Gold</i>  Chief Petty Officer.<br/> <i>Gold</i>  Petty Officer.<br/> <i>White</i>  Leading Seaman<br/> <i>White</i>  Writer (Clerk)<br/> <i>Red</i>  Good Conduct Badge</p> | <p><i>Oxydised badges worn on both shoulders</i></p>  Field Marshal<br> General<br> Lieutenant General<br> Major General<br> Brigadier<br> Colonel<br> Lieutenant Colonel<br> Major<br> Captain<br> 1st Lieutenant<br> 2nd Lieutenant<br><p><i>Oxydised (Rough metal)</i>  Warrant Officer<br/> <i>Khaki stripes worn on right sleeve</i>  Company Quarter-master Sgt.<br/>  Sergeant<br/>  Corporal<br/> <p><i>Oxydised worn on Right Cuff</i>  Regimental Quarter-master Sgt.<br/>  Company Sergeant-major.</p> </p> | <p><i>Black bands with light blue centres worn on both arms. On cuffs of Blue uniforms, on shoulders of Drab uniform.</i></p>  Marshal of the R.A.F. Force.<br> Air Chief Marshal<br> Air Marshal.<br> Air Vice Marshall<br> Air Commodore<br> Group Captain<br> Wing Commander<br> Squadron Leader<br> Flight Lieutenant.<br> Flying Officer<br> Pilot Officer<br><p><i>Worn on both cuffs</i>  Warrant Officer<br/> <i>Worn on both sleeves</i>  Flight Sergeant.<br/>  Sergeant<br/>  Corporal.<br/> <p><i>Worn on both sleeves</i>  Leading Aircraftsman<br/>  Pilot (All Ranks.)<br/> <i>Embroidered White and Blue on Left Breast.</i></p> </p> |



# THE GREY LEG LINE OF GREY THOROUGHBREDS

(By John Loder)

Next to the active pleasure of a good day's sport on the racecourse there is nothing, as regards racing, that I enjoy more than to sit passively and comfortably in front of the fire with the old bound volumes of "Baily's Magazine" ranged alongside me on the one hand and with "Ruff's Guide" beside me on the other, recreating for myself some slight bit of the racing scene as it was in those great days of the Turf in England thirty to forty years ago.

For this rather simple pleasure I regret that nowadays I find but very little time to spare. However, the opportunity still occurs sometimes, and, just recently, one snowy Saturday afternoon, I found myself at it again, piecing together the details of the career of a colt called Grey Leg. I had received a query about Grey Leg from a Devonshire reader who asked me which, if any, of the grey horses now racing get their grey coat colour by descent from Grey Leg and not by descent from Roi Herode and The Tetrarch.

Now, I should perhaps first state, for the benefit of any reader who may not be aware of it, that every grey horse racing to-day must have had a grey sire or a grey dam, or both, and so back through every generation. Unlike some characteristics of temperament in horses the grey coat colour is never subject to the law of atavism. There is no possibility of the grey coat colour skipping one generation and appearing again in the next.

Let us return then, to the subject of Grey Leg, bred by the first Duke of Westminster and foaled in 1891. Instead of going to John Porter at Kingsclere who trained the best of the Duke of Westminster's horses, Grey Leg was sent into George Dawson's stable at Heath House, Newmarket.

As a two-year-old he won five races, including the Findon Stakes at Goodwood and carrying 9st. the two-year-old Free Handicap, which in

those days used to be run at the Newmarket Houghton meeting. As a three-year-old his chief successes were in the City and Suburban at Epsom and in the Portland Handicap at Doncaster. In 1895, he won two small races, both at Ascot and both the same afternoon, and he also ran second to Victor Wild in the Jubilee Handicap at Kempton Park. In 1896 he commenced his stud career which continued for twenty-five seasons, his name appearing for the last time in the list of stallions at stud in 1921.

As a stallion, Grey Leg was only moderately successful. Much the best of the horses he sired was a grey colt, foaled in 1905, called Senseless, winner of upwards of £5,000 in stakes, including such good races as the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park, and the Crawford Handicap and the July Handicap at Newmarket. Senseless was put to stud in 1912, but he sired nothing of much account and this sire line of Grey Leg has consequently died out.

During his many years at stud, however, Grey Leg also managed to sire one other quite useful grey colt, Grey Plume (foaled in 1901), and a good grey filly called Silver Spray (foaled in 1912).

Grey Plume was bred by the present Duke of Westminster and won for him some three or four races, the most important being the Trial Stakes (now called the Queen Anne Stakes) at Ascot in 1904. In that race, it is interesting to note, he carried 7st. 4lb., and was ridden by the present Newmarket trainer, Mr. Jack Jarvis, who, at that time, was the leading apprentice rider of the day.

In 1905 Grey Plume was sold and put to stud in France, where in 1912 he became the sire of a grey filly called Xanthene and she, when mated with the 1924 Newbury Spring Cup winner, Condoover, became the dam, in 1927, of the grey colt, Xandover. In France, in 1930, Xandover won

the French Two Thousand Guineas (La Poule d'Essai des Poulains) and in England, in 1931, he won the July Cup (six furlongs) carrying 10st. 8lb. at Newmarket, and the Portland Handicap, carrying 9st. 7lb. at Doncaster.

Xandover is now in his eleventh season at stud, but the first six years of his stallion career were spent in France, and he has only been at stud in England since 1938. He has sired, so far, the winners of 25 races on the flat in England, the best known, I should think, being Neuvy, a very good sprinter whom Mr. Frank Butters trained three or four years ago for the Aga Khan. Xandover stands at the Upend Stud, Cheveley, Newmarket.

Reverting to the aforementioned daughter of Grey Leg, Silver Spray: She, as a two-year-old, in 1914, won six of her ten races and, being put to stud, had in 1920 a grey filly by Phalaris called Silver Grass. This filly was the winner of several good races at two years old and also ran second to the Aga Khan's filly, Cos, in the valuable Queen Mary Stakes at Ascot. In 1923 her best effort was to get second in the July Handicap at Newmarket.

In 1924 she was put to stud and the late Colonel Story, in 1932, bred from her a grey colt by Papyrus called Pampas Grass. This colt was in training for five seasons, during the course of which he won eight races and ran second to Hairan in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot in 1934 and second, beaten by only half a length, to the Derby Winner, Windsor Lad, in the Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot in 1935. Pampas Grass went to stud three years ago and his progeny should appear on the racecourse for the first time this coming season. He belongs now to Mr. George Gibson and stands at the Highfield Stud, Oakham.

(Continued on Page 11.)



# "It All Depends on Me"

A new Victory slogan swept from Britain across the Atlantic to America, thence across the Pacific to Australia. Just five thought-compelling words: "It All Depends On Me." Millions have been inspired by this slogan to redouble their efforts to defeat Nazism.

beside a photograph of an absent husband or sweetheart. A really grand team-spirit developed. Quality of work improved. Congratulations were received from the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

The idea has spread at this time to more than 500 British factories, as



The idea came originally from Mr. Eric Colston, manager of an English factory converted to aircraft production. He realised that each job his people had to do might be a matter of life or death for a pilot. It would have been easy to have explained this in a talk. As he could not give talks every day, Mr. Colston decided to put this big idea into a little phrase: "It All Depends On Me."

Small gummed labels were printed. Within a few days messages began to appear on machines, benches and desks, not only of the workers and office staff, but of the managers and directors also. Women put the words

well as to Government Departments, post offices, railways and the fighting services.

Mr. Eric Colston, who is directing the campaign in Great Britain at the request of the British Government, is a personal friend of Mr. J. S. Drysdale, a business director of Sydney, and is keeping him informed of the latest developments. Mr. Drysdale says that he and others in the business world have undertaken this campaign as an honorary service dedicated to the cause of their country. He advises that he would be pleased to communicate with all persons interested. His address is 77 York Street, Sydney.

## AN OVERSEA FRIEND

A popular oversea friend of many club members, Mr. A. J. Gock, vice-chairman of the board of directors of the Bank of America, and treasurer of the U.S.O. Board since its inception, has just been named U.S.O. State chairman for Southern California. Mr. Gock over a period of years has always welcomed to America, with open arms, members of the club, and his hospitality to club visitors to the States has always been marked by a charming good fellowship, which has served to cement not only the ties of individual friendship, but also those of national feeling. Prominent among Mr. Gock's club member friends is Fred Williams. The late Ned Moss, too, corresponded with him for years, following many happy foregatherings abroad with Mr. Gock and his friend Dr. A. H. Giannini, also a member of the U.S.O. national board of directors. U.S.O. is the short title for United Services Organisation, and, as the name implies, this body is performing extensive and most useful war work in the United States. Its many activities include that of looking after the welfare and entertainment of the fighting forces, and a man of the charming personality and attainment of Mr. Gock will provide for it a driving force which must be effective. Mr. Gock, according to "The Jonathan" (official publication of The Jonathan Club) — also well known to Tattersall's members — is to conduct a campaign on behalf of U.S.O. in thirteen counties of Southern California, and the fact that for 25 years past he has been a leader in civic and business interests and in Community Chest work, should ensure for the campaign unqualified success.

## The Discipline of Sport

Real sport is an antidote to fatalism; the deep objective of games is to train one's reflex of purpose, to develop a habit of keeping steadily at something you want to do until it is done. The rules of the game and the opposition of other players are devices to put obstacles in your way. The winner must keep everlastingly after his objective with intensity and continuity of purpose.



# The Grey Leg Line of Grey Thoroughbreds

(Continued from Page 9.)

The continuance, then, in our thoroughbred stock of the grey coat colour as derived from Grey Leg is now almost entirely dependent upon the measure of success which may attend these two horses, Xandover and Pampas Grass, during their remaining years at stud. I say "almost entirely" because there is, I believe, a grey mare still living, a half-sister to Pampas Grass, named Silver Eagle (foaled in 1923). In 1940 Silver Eagle had a grey colt by The Satrap, who is also a grey and a son of The Tetrarch; and it may be that this Silver Eagle colt, a two-year-old this year, will eventually prove himself also worthy to carry on, as a stallion, the Grey Leg Line.

It is obviously apparent that the possibility of the continuance of the Grey Leg line of grey thoroughbred stock is rather precarious. The grey coat colour as derived from Roi Herode through The Tetrarch is, however, still flourishing well and there is no likelihood now of the grey colour dying out among thoroughbreds as, some forty or fifty years ago, it was feared it might do.

Out of about 6,000 mares accounted for in Volume XIX. of the General Stud Book published in 1910, only 28 were greys. In Volume XXIX. of the General Stud Book, published in 1941, nearly 8,000 mares are accounted for and, although I have not attempted to count them, I should think that the number of grey mares in the Stud Book must amount now to something like ten times as many as in 1901; and ninety per cent. of them are descendants of Roi Herode, the grey stallion brought to Ireland from France by Mr. Edward Kennedy in 1907. In addition there must be upwards of about thirty grey stallions, descending from Roi Herode, at stud this present season, taking England and Ireland together—Mr. Jinks, Portlaw, Baytown, Duncan Gray, Pherozshah, Empire Builder, Taj ud Din, for instance, to name a few of the best known and sought after.

Every grey thoroughbred traces back to the stallion imported into this country in the early eighteenth century and known in Turf history as Mr. Pelham's Grey Arab. Consequently, although one speaks loosely of the Grey Leg line of greys and of the Roi Herode line of greys, both have a common ancestor, although one has to trace the pedigree back to 1817 to find it.

Grey Leg inherited his grey colour from his sire, Pepper and Salt (foaled in 1882), who got it from his dam, Oxford Mixture, and she from her dam, Irish Belle, the daughter of a grey mare called Colleen Dhas, who was by a grey sire called Rust, and he in turn took the grey colour from his sire, Master Robert, who was foaled in 1817. Roi Herode also inherited the grey colour from his sire, Le Samaritain (foaled in 1895), and Le Samaritain had it from his sire, Le Sancy, who, in turn, took it from his dam, Gem of Gems, who was by the grey horse, Strathconan, he a son of Souvenir, a grey mare by Chanticleer, a grey son of the grey horse Whim, who was by the grey horse Drone, and with him we get back again to Master Robert, foaled in 1817.

From this genealogical saga it is clear that the common ancestry of Roi Herode and Grey Leg is sufficiently remote to enable us to regard them as coming virtually from two separate and distinct lines of blood. And it would be in all respects a matter for great regret if, after all these years, the grey coat colour which has descended through Grey Leg, should be allowed to disappear from among thoroughbred racehorses. Not only that but the two stallions of the Grey Leg line now at stud, Xandover and Pampas Grass, both carry the Grey Leg blood in the female side of their ancestry.

As I have stated before, I am a confirmed believer in the theory that, other things being equal, the ideal

mating for any mare is with a stallion to whom she can return the best blood in the pedigree of his own dam. And a very large number of the thoroughbred mares at stud in this country at present are descended from Roi Herode through his son, The Tetrarch. For example, I have counted upwards of eighty mares alone, in the latest volume of the Stud Book, who are daughters of The Tetrarch's son, Tettratema.

The mating of such mares with stallions who are themselves descended from Roi Herode, rarely produces a very satisfactory result. And so, it seems to me, that breeders, who have in their studs mares by Tettratema or Salmon Trout or Mr. Jinks, or any mares similarly descended from Roi Herode, might well consider the desirability of putting them this season or next either to Xandover or to Pampas Grass.

The union, thus, of the Roi Herode blood in the pedigree of the mares with the Grey Leg blood in the pedigrees of the dams of Pampas Grass and Xandover would, I believe, in all probability prove to have the most satisfactory outcome. And it would, at the same time, be serving to secure the continuance of the Grey Leg blood in our thoroughbred stock.

## Billiards and Snooker

(Continued from Page 7.)

Officially it is known as Russian Pool, but the ruling body has seen fit to recognise it by a variety of names such as "Indian Pool," "Toad-in-the Hole" and "Slosh." Our own members know it by the last-named high sounding title! How or why the name ever deviated from the correct Russian Pool has never been satisfactorily explained. However, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and "Slosh" certainly has its thrills. Further, it is highly entertaining to lookers-on and the pity of it is that more members do not try the various green-cloth pastimes, including straight out pyramids. They are all good and provide that relaxation so necessary to every man in business, and never more so than at the present juncture.



# THE GALLANT GLOUCESTERS

(By Edward Samuel)

In every war of modern times, the Boer War, the Great War, and the present war, Australian units have been in close touch and on the best terms with one of Britain's most famous line regiments—the Gloucesters.

Not so many months ago it was my privilege, as an old member of this famous regiment, to contact a few of all ranks. They are easily identified by their cap badges worn "Fore and Aft."

Recently the Gloucesters were in the news.

Once again they had added to the lustre of a famous regiment by their gallant fight in Burma in her hour of greatest crisis.

To-day it is no secret that when Japan came into the war the Gloucesters were in garrison in Rangoon and were not sent to the frontier to meet the initial attack, but remained in the capital to give confidence to the swarming mixed population.

The Gloucesters maintained public order by suppressing sternly occasional outbreaks of arson and looting by the criminal element while peaceful citizens left Rangoon.

Then the Gloucesters marched out to fight their way northward along the road and railway to Prome and Mandalay, past rapidly increasing enemy forces. The march tested their courage and endurance to the utmost.

Both at Rangoon and Pegu to the north-east the Japanese were making great efforts. On March 7 the immediate future of Burma was decided in a few hours. The danger of a complete collapse had then drawn very near, but was averted by a handful of British troops.

In many of these engagements the Gloucesters stood toe to toe with the enemy in thick jungle undergrowth and virtually hacked their way ahead with the bayonet.

It was a small battle, but one fought for a great prize.

Briefly, a condensation of the history of one of Britain's most famous regiments may be of interest.

The first battalion, formerly the 28th (North Gloucestershire) Regiment of Foot, and the second battalion, formerly the 61st (South Gloucestershire) Regiment, became the Gloucestershire Regiment in 1881. The old 61st was formerly the 2nd Battalion of the 3rd Buffs, and so retained their Buff facings.

From 1702, Flanders, the Gloucesters, or one or other of the battalions which became one regiment, were in practically every war, and every battle from 1702 down to the present day. Space alone prohibits details of engagements and honours displayed on their colours; they are legion.

The Regimental Badge is The Sphinx for Egypt (1801).

At Alexandria in that year the Gloucesters, by forming a square and engaging the enemy "Fore and Aft," earned the unique distinction of wearing the regimental number both in front and at the back of their caps. To-day the Sphinx is worn in this manner, and the regiment has a number of nicknames—"Right-about's" or "Fore and Afts," also "The Old Braggers," from the Colonel's name in 1734, and in addition "The Slashers" and "The Whitewashers" for some reason never actually verified, but handed down for the last couple of centuries.

It would fill pages to give merely a few incidents in the long life of one among many great British Regiments.

In 1806, at Maida, they displayed conspicuous bravery, and at Almanza the old 28th—the 2nd Battalion—was all but cut to pieces. Again at Waterloo the 28th captured a flag

of the 25th French Infantry, a deed which meant something in those days.

The record of the Gloucesters from 1702 to 1942 has never been dimmed, and their recent conduct is fully in keeping with the tradition of a great regiment.

## THE CAPTAIN GETS A KICK IN THE PANTS

"I don't think he will trouble you again," said the captain, sinking into the chair. "I had a talk with him. He seems quite tractable."

"He owes my wife an apology," grunted the major.

"He's a dangerous man," added Carter.

"Well," said Captain Rogers, lighting a cigarette, "I must say he's a good loser."

The major's eyes narrowed.

"How can you know that?" he rasped.

"I took ten pounds from him."

"You mean you won money from him?" cried Carter.

"You bet with him?" exploded the major.

"Yes," Rogers admitted; "he bet me ten pounds that he could knock my monocle out of my eye. He lost his money."

Major Raglan's face had turned a dark red. His voice shook when he spoke.

"Did he kick you?" he asked.

The captain looked towards him in surprise.

To use his own words, he kicked me in the seat of the pants. Why do you ask?"

A moan escaped from Major Raglan's lips. He drew a hand across his face.

"The dog! The dirty dog!" he groaned. "He bet me twenty pounds this morning that if he was called to your cabin he would give you a kick in the pants!"

And you took the bet?"

"Took the bet!" stormed the major. "Took the bet! What d'you expect? Damn it, sir, I doubled his money!"



# A BIG GAMBLE IN OPERA

(By E. J. Gravestock)

The Sporting World and the Stock Exchange do not possess exclusive rights to romantic gambling stories. The entertainment world can boast of a few terrific bouts with the goddess of luck, which interpreted in practical terms means public support. Grand Opera is generally conceded to be the most risky form of entertainment in the Theatrical world, and strangely enough Australia is one of the few countries of the world where Grand Opera has been run successfully. Undoubtedly the most successful of the ventures was the Melba-Williamson Grand Opera Season of 1925, when Melba, in conjunction with the firm, brought out a great company of artists, which was headed by the famous Diva herself, and included Toti del Monte, the Italian singer, who proved almost as big a draw as did Melba herself; Dina Borgioli and a host of other fine singers. The crowds grabbed the guinea seats as if they were hot pies, and equally as willingly paid two guineas a seat for gala performances. Never was there such money in the Australian Theatrical world. Another very successful season financially was the Gonzalez Opera Co., which came from Italy via the East, and was produced here by the Fullers. It was run on very economical lines, but had some very fine singers who knew their business. Although prices were comparatively low, the balance-sheet looked very healthy at the end of the tour. The rush for seats was so great that the late Bill Douglas, Fuller's General Manager, engaged the basement of the Sydney Town Hall, and threw open the last two weeks' plans to the public, and even that vast place was not big enough to accommodate the crowds fighting for tickets. Sir Ben Fuller was not so successful with his English Grand Opera Company some years ago, unfortunately, as it was really a tip-top company, with some of England's finest singers. The operas were staged in Covent Garden style, and produced by Charlie Moor from Covent Garden. The company seemed

to get a bad start in Melbourne, and although Sydney supported the season at the Tivoli in a wholehearted fashion, despite the summer heat, it proved a costly speculation to the popular entrepreneur. Australia is one of the few countries of the world which does not receive financial support from the State, or wealthy benefactors. In middle European countries the State Governments finance opera seasons, as is the case in many Latin countries. London and New York rely on wealthy subscribers to keep the balance between receipts and expenditure.

It is thirty years ago since I came to Australia, and was mixed up with the riskiest operatic venture the world has ever known. Thomas Quinlan, an enthusiastic young Irishman, started a Concert Agency in London about 1906, and undertook the management of some concerts in the Queen's Hall given by Thomas Beecham and the New Symphony Orchestra. Beecham and Quinlan got their heads together, and, with the aid of papa Joseph Beecham's money, made in the famous pill business, they produced German Opera at Covent Garden. Money was splashed right and left. Beecham was covering himself with honour and glory, but the family coffers were getting a belting. Beecham continued on and produced a season of light opera at His Majesty's Theatre, which included "Tales of Hoffmann" and "Die Fledermaus," which is at the present time being produced by the firm in Australia under the title of "Nightbirds." After this, relations between Beecham and Quinlan became strained, and Quinlan went his own way and formed a touring company playing "Hoffmann" and "Fledermaus" in the English provinces. Inspired with moderate success, he organised a company which included some of the best English singers of the day, with a chorus of 50 and an orchestra of 45, for a tour of the world, commencing with Great Britain, thence to South Africa, Australia, and Can-

ada. The slogan was "Grand Opera in English," and Quinlan selected a fine repertoire of fourteen operas representative of German, French and Italian masterpieces, including Tannhauser, Valkyrie, Tristan and Isolde, Carmen, Tales of Hoffmann, Madam Butterfly, La Boheme, Rigoletto, The Girl of the Golden West, etc. I was working in Quinlan's London office looking after the concert end of the business, and towards the end of the English tour Quinlan asked me if I would like to go to South Africa and Australia as secretary and treasurer with the company. Before he left the office that afternoon I had written out the contract and it was signed. I picked the company up at Edinburgh, after which we played Glasgow, thence across to Dublin for a four weeks' season at Christmas. Business was moderately good, and without making much money the tour was going along nicely. After the Dublin season we crossed to Liverpool and caught the Blue Funnel steamer *Anchises* for Cape Town. A bright cheerful crowd about 140 strong, we took up nearly all the accommodation. The ship eventually became a travelling Academy of Music, as after we had settled down, rehearsals were held on the decks, in the lounge rooms, and wherever there was a vacant spot. After the three weeks' sea voyage we were ready for our Cape Town season, which was limited to two weeks, at the Opera House. Business was fair, but it was quickly realised that if we were going to cover our running expenses, to say nothing of fares and production costs, we should have to take very much more money than we were, but hope springs eternal in the entrepreneur's breast, and two long trains trekked us across the veldt to Johannesburg, where we were to give a six weeks' season at the Standard Theatre, a small but compact theatre, but quite inadequate to hold the money we required to pay our way. Speaking of money reminds me that

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## A Big Gamble in Opera

(Continued from page 13.)

every treasury day I used to draw about £1,200 from the bank to pay salaries, and in those days, of course, golden sovereigns were in circulation. It never occurred to me to have an escort, and I invariably walked alone from the bank to the theatre. In Cape Town my office was a dressing room at the back of the theatre up two flights of stairs, and some years later I learnt that a plot was laid to sandbag me and rob me of the cash. The story came to me from a bassoon player in the orchestra named Charles Bowsher, who died some years ago. He joined up with the N.S.W. Conservatorium Orchestra, and we were reminiscing one day when he remarked, "You nearly had a rough time in Cape Town. Some of the wild young lads in the orchestra were going to waylay you as you entered the back of the theatre with the treasury and get away with it, but at the last minute they squibbed on it."

As soon as we arrived in Johannesburg, nearly half of the company went down with relaxed throats caused by the high altitude of the town, and some of them would spend nearly all day at the Country Club amongst the eucalyptus gums. Something went wrong with our timetable, and Quinlan found we had two weeks to fill in before we could get away to Australia, and decided to put in a week at Bloemfontein, also to give a musical festival in the fine City Hall in Cape Town. Bloemfontein was only a small town with a white population of less than 20,000, but it was Show week, and visitors came in from the surrounding districts. It, however, looked a hopeless proposition to me. The hotel accommodation was very limited, and practically all of it had been secured for the local visitors. I was therefore sent down to tackle the problem of billeting 140 people. I grabbed all the remaining hotel rooms, farmed some of the principals of the company into private houses, but was still faced with the task of fixing up the chorus, orchestra and stage staff, totalling about 100. I persuaded the

railways to run two sleeping cars and a dining car in a siding for a week, and this took care of the ladies, then hired some large sample rooms, rented fifty camp beds, and turned the rooms into dormitories. It was all very primitive, but as they were mostly young people, they entered into the spirit of it, and had a fairly good time. I secured a room for myself and two friends at an hotel. Both these friends are now in Australia, E. J. Roberts, who conducts the A.B.C. Orchestra in Perth, and Gladstone Bell, who is a Professor at the Sydney State Conservatorium of Music. The inevitable circus came to town, and Roberts' ambition was to see a lion roaming the countryside. We were awakened the first night by a lion's roar and the voice of Roberts, "My God, there's a bloody lion in the room!" They had parked the lion's cage underneath our window in the hotel yard.

As was only to be expected, business was no good, and the treasury coffers were getting very low. Quinlan went off to Cape Town to see what he could do with the South African millionaires. The Musical Festival in Cape Town was also unsuccessful, and we had about three days to wait for the *Ascanius*, which was to take us to Australia. W. D. Hunt, the manager of the company, said, "Pay the chorus and orchestra, and go and hide yourself until the boat gets in and come on at the last minute. I'll stall off the principals and tell them you are ill, and will pay them on the boat." I therefore went into smoke and had a little holiday at Sea Point, just outside of Cape Town. I made a last minute entrance on to the ship, and was promptly surrounded by principals demanding money. As I had only about £60 on me, and it was my own money I was nursing in case of emergencies, I looked innocent and say, "Why, haven't you been paid? I haven't got any money!" They could do nothing about it, as we were then leaving the wharf, and we eventually settled down to make the most of the trip, which was not of

the best, as we got down to the "roaring forties," and it not too pleasant. I learnt the next instalment of the story from my friend Frank Talbot, the veteran entrepreneur. Frank was in Adelaide making arrangements for the visit of the Royal Comic Opera Company. Sitting in the manager's office at the Theatre Royal one day, a brisk, dapper, well dressed man walked in and said "Are you Williamson's representative?" Frank replied that he was. "Well, I want £2,000 at once. I'm Thomas Quinlan!" Frank was ready to believe that he was Thomas Quinlan, and if he could find £2,000 around the office he could have it. "But I can't get my company off the boat at Melbourne unless I get the money." Frank therefore advised him to take the train to Melbourne and try his luck with the directors of the firm. Quinlan took his advice, and was apparently successful in getting an advance, as we all got safely off the ship.

We arrived in Melbourne on Wednesday, June 5th, 1912, 140 strong, with scenery and wardrobes for 14 operas valued at £75,000, tons of private baggage, more or less in pawn, and gambling on a successful tour. We were to open on the following Saturday, but we had to get everything off the ship, through the customs, to the theatre for sorting and rehearsals. It was a brilliant triumph for all concerned and showed how magnificently the company was organised, that everything was set to go in good time for the gala opening. I appreciate this effort more now that I have experienced transporting one show from Sydney to Melbourne with its attendant difficulties, trying to a smooth opening night. It was due to the fact that the company was self-contained, as we travelled a head mechanist, two assistant mechanists, electricians, property men, male and female wardrobe staffs, and even a wig man. Hotel accommodation was always a problem for the company. Williamson's had sent us a list of hotels and boarding houses to Adelaide, and strangely enough I came across a copy of it going through some old papers recently. Menzies

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## A Big Gamble in Opera

(Continued from Page 15.)

and other leading hotels were quoted at 10/6 per day inclusive of meals! When I think of what I have paid at Menzies since I sigh for the good old days. I had been recommended to go to Rochester Lodge, a boarding house in Collins Place, 25/- a week! It is still there, looking a little weather worn, but still a boarding house. One of the most popular men of the company was William Busby, one of the orchestra. On his arrival in Melbourne he received a cable from England saying that he had been left a legacy of £7,000 from the grateful father of a child he had saved from drowning. Busby was quite a personality, he was an old soldier and was in the famous 21st Lancers under Kitchener at Omdurman, and in the Imperial Yeomanry in the second Boer War. We were glad that Busby decided to finish his tour with us, as his legacy might help to get us out of the country if things turned out badly.

At last the eventful opening night arrived. We were playing for the first time in Australia the delightful opera "Tales of Hoffmann" by Offenbach. A word about the prices. They were: Stalls and D.C. 10/6, 7/6, 5/-, and on first nights 15/-; Pit and Gallery, 2/6, 1/- early doors. Queues had waited for many hours at the Pit and Gallery entrances, and E. J. Tait, who was business manager of His Majesty's Theatre, opened the doors early, and the galleryites proceeded to have a concert on their own, a small piano having been put up there for them. An old cutting from the

Melbourne "Argus" describing the scene outside the theatre said: "From 7.30 till 8, glaring acetylene lamps of motor cars in endless procession threw broad swathes of light upon the road before His Majesty's Theatre. Car after car drew up at the kerb, giving a glimpse of silk and jewels, a gleaming impression of pretty women, of dowagers; punctuated with the black of men's evening dress. In Little Bourke Street the scene was the cynosure of curious Chinese eyes from noon till dusk. How people can wait 6½ hours outside a door upon a bitterly cold day passeth all understanding."

Inside the theatre popular personalities received a tribute of applause from the gallery and the pit as they entered. The opening scene in the wine cellar, where the prologue takes place, gave Hoffmann the leading role, played by John Coates, the famous English tenor, and the male voice chorus a great opportunity for some effective singing, which the expectant audience was quick to appreciate, and the curtain came down to terrific applause, which continued throughout the evening. The buzz of excited chatter between acts and after the final curtain was evidence that we had come, had been seen and heard, and had conquered. During the first act I got the first return giving the approximate amount of the takings, which was £723, dashed round to the box in which Quinlan was sitting and handed him a slip of paper with those figures on it. Quinlan, in his excitement, fell off the chair. Hunt, our manager, had told me to appear as though we were used to anything from £700 to £1,000 houses when Ted Tait gave me the

first return, so I just said nonchalantly "Not bad!" He looked at me, but didn't say anything, and years later we were yarnning about the Quinlan Opera Co., he said: "You thought you were fooling me with your 'Not bad,' but we knew you had never seen business like that before!" Our best house of the Melbourne season was over £900 for a special performance of "Tristan and Isolde." The company had given a truly magnificent performance on the first occasion. It was a great cast and included Agnes Nicholls, Edna Thornton, John Coates, Robert Parker and Allen Hinckley, all outstanding singers. The critics and audience made such a song and dance about it that we were able to get special prices for a repeat performance. From then on things began to look a little rosier, but Quinlan was still far from being out of the wood, and decided against continuing the tour to Canada. Meantime I had been approached by the late Charles Tait, who was a director of Allan's music store in Melbourne, about staying out here and joining the firm of J. and N. Tait. The idea sounded good to me. I liked Australia, and I like Australians; it looked the land of golden opportunity, so when the Orient steamer Osterley sailed on its way to England carrying the company, amongst whom were many dear friends, I stayed behind clutching a handsome gold watch which they had presented me with just before the ship left the wharf. Alas, a Sydney burglar got the watch some years later, but I have no other regrets, having seen and enjoyed many happy adventures during my thirty years in Australia.

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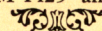
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## BEGA—"The Beautiful"

**B**EGA stands at the junction of the Bemboka and Brogo Rivers, whose united waters form the Bega River, which follows a beautiful course between willow-lined banks to the sea.

Bega is a beautiful countryside of rich pasture lands and dairy farms, deservedly renowned for its scenic charms which, long before the white man traversed these regions, so impressed the natives that they named the district "Bega," which in aboriginal lore signified "The Beautiful."

In 1797 Surgeon George Bass set out in a small whale boat, manned by a crew of 6 British seamen, to resurvey the coast of N.S.W.

Coming southward he noticed the famous Kiama blow-hole; he discovered the lovely Shoalhaven Valley, and on entering Jervis Bay, passed Bateman's Bay to come to Barmouth Creek on 18th December, 1797. Thus was Barmouth Creek, or as we know it to-day the Bega River, first seen by white men.

In the early 1820's, Mr. Jauncey of Angledale passed through the Bega country, and in about 1830, a lone white traveller, Mr. W. D. Tarlington, witnessed a battle between rival tribes of blacks on the spot where the Cobargo Showground stands to-day.

The squatters of the thirties grazed cattle and sheep, which were shipped to Sydney from Twofold Bay, and then came the disastrous decline in fat stock values following upon which the first experimental crop of wheat was grown.

This flourished for several years while the seasons remained reasonably dry, but later it was ruined by rust. Its failure, combined with the decline of fat stock markets, gradually moved the early settlers to consider more fitting and profitable activities.

Thus potato growing became popular in the district, and maize growing and pig raising were added to the rural enterprises.

By 1848, two dairies were established, and butter manufactured in small quantities. This was packed in tins and shipped to Sydney from Twofold Bay, but the true value of the industry remained as then unrecognised.

Two years later came the district's most severe flood, when the more fortunate of the settlers worked heroically to rescue those in distress in boats or crudely improvised rafts.

By 1851 there was not a house south of the river, and about three in North Bega. Only one house existed at Warragaburra with a few cottages and shepherds' huts.

In the same year Parkinson, the Surveyor, chose a site for the township on the northern side of the river, near the junction of the Brogo and Bemboka Rivers and central to the few settlers in the vicinity, and by 1853 the district contained two cattle stations "Cowpers" and "Badgery" although there were only two men on each station.

From time to time during the next two years, land was taken up by such families as the Imlays at "Tarraganda," the Walkers at "Warragaburra," and subsequently "Kameruka," the Coopers at "Cooper's Gully" and the Pollocks at "Brogo."

Three years later came the first mail service from Sydney, the previous mail having been carried privately by settlers and consisting of a weekly horse-back service down the mountains from Monaro.

Two years later a further weekly service from Moruya came into existence.

In 1857 a private road was cut from Bega to its port, Tathra, and two years later the old National School erected; before this time children in the district were educated privately.

The following year saw the establishment of telegraphic communication between Sydney and Bega.

Gradually the most important industry of the district evolved to its rightful destiny, so that after the passing of Sir John Robertson's Free Selection Before Survey Bill in 1861, most of the important dairy farms were selected, and the Illawarra Shorthorn, the first true dairy cattle imported.

About this time the Illawarra Steamship Navigation Company added Tathra to its regular shipping route, and in 1864 the Government constructed a road to Moruya.

Bega's first show was held on February 15th, 1872, and proved a memorable success.

By 1883 the resident population numbered almost 1000. The same year saw the incorporation of the town with Mr. Rawlinson as the first mayor.

Two years later the Gas Works were erected and to the credit of Bega it may be stated that they were the first Municipal Gas Works in the State. Further development came later with the establishment of the Co-operative Creamery at North Bega in 1900.

Electricity supplied by private enterprise was reticulated in 1927, whilst in 1934 came the final word in modern communication—the first subsidised air-mail.

A splendid record of production completely vindicating Bega's change of agricultural policy has evolved in a little more than sixty years, so that to-day with important butter and cheese factories and also the large and flourishing cattle market, the district is well to the fore as one of the most progressive in the State.

Fish and oysters are obtained at Blackfellows Lake and Nelson Lake, and deep sea fishing on the well-known schnapper grounds off Tathra has formed a not unimportant item of the export to the Sydney market.

The district also produces maize, wheat, lucerne, green feed, potatoes, grapes and fruit in addition to its attractions as a holiday resort.

The Bega of to-day is well-built, replete with modern shops and homes, not forgetting the beautiful War Memorial arch.

Every type of institution for the betterment of the community is established in Bega, and all that is modern and progressive has been developed to make of Bega—The Beautiful—a pleasant and lovely spot, in very truth a gem of the South Coast.



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